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NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

THREE AGES.

'Twas morn, and o'er my little window ledge
 Flew many a wild bird of plumage bright;
 They sang sweet songs, and left the truest pledge
 Of love, of love and truth, by day and night.

'Twas afternoon, and through my stately door,
 In soberer dress, stepped the too tame birds,
 Calling our former themes so vain and poor,
 Twittering now in philosophic words.

It is night now; life, love, and thought are done;
 What is it comes and sets my heart aglow?
 Of all the wise and learned tongues not one—
 Only the foolish songs of long ago.

JOHN ALBEE.

STAGES.

I.

Once life was joy, not joyous service done—
 Quick days of selfish rapture, broad, not deep;
 The world was like a picture, and the sun
 Rose for the gilding of a dreamy sleep.

II.

We woke: and life was labor; naught of glee
 Was left, for deepest-rooted toil remained;
 And as we delved no end was there to see,
 And suns but glimmered on the dross we gained.

III.

But now, or in the perfect time, we know,
 The joy returns while labor yet abides;
 Life's round and fair, and, delving deep below,
 We find the joy that early pleasure hides.

BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY.